

# OREGON REPUBLICAN.

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BY R. H. TYSON.

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just claim to its well-earned title, "The Model  
Magazine of America."

### A NIGHT WITH A MANIAC.

BY A YOUNG SURGEON.

The maniac was a giant. He had  
broken his heavy chains as Sampson  
broke the withies—had torn open the  
door of the cell—torn the keeper, literally  
to pieces—burst open the door—  
killed the watchman with a heavy iron  
bar he wrenched from the door—and  
escaped with his formidable weapon  
into the city. The whole place was  
aghast at the news, and we students at  
the hospital and dissecting room who  
were connected with the Asylum had  
to nerve ourselves to help capture the  
escaped wild beast.

I had gone to the dissecting room  
alone, and was about to commence  
using the knife on a subject. There  
was a storm raging, and with a low sob  
of wind swelled through the long aisle  
of forest trees, and flashed with the  
gathered force of an ocean wave against  
the dead-house. Simultaneously, a  
hand struck the light door, and the yell  
of a maniac ran through and through  
my brain.

Above the door, through the small  
ventilator, the face of the madman and  
murderer peered down at me.

"Ah, ah! I have caught you at last  
—here—and alone. I have been wait-  
ing for you. You took me once, didn't  
you? Ha, ha! Let me in."

The coolness of imminent peril  
brought my powers to action. I held  
his eye an instant; but it was evident  
he was too wild for that; his blood was  
up, and it roved with eager ferocity  
through the room and over the frail  
walls. With the light bound of a  
leopard I gained the door, and shot the  
double bolt. A gleam of rage darted  
from his eye; but he laughed, "Ha,  
ha! You think that will keep me out."

"Wait," I cried, "I have a weapon  
in my hand as keen as a razor. It is  
poisoned by the dead body I have been  
working on. Burst the door and I'll  
plunge it in your heart. If it but touch  
you you are a dead man. You may  
kill me, but I'll kill you, as certain as  
there is a God."

The swarthy giant shook the door  
until its hinges creaked and groaned  
beneath his hand. Then laughing  
again low to himself, muttered, "Fool,  
I'll outwit you yet!" and then stole off  
in the darkness. I heard him for an  
instant pressing against the wall of the  
building, and it swayed and bent in-  
wards with the weight. Then silence.  
The din of my pulses made thunder in  
my ears as I tried to hear his stealing  
tread, and the sobbing wind rose anew  
with a weird shriek, making my efforts  
fruitless.

A thousand times I heard his low,  
devilish, murderous laugh. A thousand  
times I felt his brawny strength against  
the door, and saw his wild face look  
down at me through the gloom; but  
still he did not come. I tried to think  
he had abandoned the design and had  
slunk off discouraged; but I knew it  
was not so—I knew he was crouching  
in some corner on the watch to spring  
on me when I passed.

Could I stay there all night? No,

certainly not. An hour more, and  
Harry Leigh, my wife's young brother,  
would come to seek me—would come,  
unconscious of the danger, until a  
bloodhound at his throat would choke  
the brave young life out of him for  
ever.

I listened, in the intervals of the now  
fifal storm, to hear if he was breathing  
near me. I waited for the next lull.  
It came—that deep hush that follows  
the gusty wind. I put my soul in the  
sense of hearing, but no human shadow  
of sound greeted it.

When the storm swelled again, I  
drew the bolt and looked into the  
night; a black pall hung over the earth  
and sky. I had as good a chance to  
pass him in the obscurity as he had to  
catch me. With my knife between my  
teeth, and the massive thigh bone of a  
nigger to slay him with if I must, I  
drew off my shoes, and stepped out into  
the darkness. A sudden whirl of the  
tempest almost took me off my feet,  
and a brick, dislodged from one of the  
chimneys, grazed my head in its pas-  
sage, and broke in halves before me on  
the pavement.

With bated breath, and a step like  
the tread of a panther scenting his  
prey, I parted the thick darkness, and  
turned my face towards the hospital.  
He might be either here—at my step  
along the passage—or hidden in the  
angle of the wall at the door through  
which I must enter. This seemed the  
most probable; but there was another  
door known only to the doctors.

I thought I would elude him. With  
infinite caution, I began to scale the  
high wall, dreading horribly lest some  
sudden break in the sky might reveal  
me to the wild eyes that watched for  
me—but no.

Safely passing the summit, I threw  
my leg over for the descent, and felt  
my foot seized. It was but the tendril  
of a wild vine skirting the wall. Grasping  
my knife in my right hand, I crept  
along the bushes for about fifty yards,  
then struck across the lawn for the side  
entrance. The darkness perplexed me,  
but I thought I was steering straight.  
Suddenly my foot struck bricks. What  
was this? I tried to recollect. There  
was no pavement round that part of the  
hospital.

I pushed on uncertainly, and feeling  
a weight in the air, put out my hand  
to grope for some clue to my where-  
abouts. I was in an alley, flanked with  
stone walls far above my head. I gave  
a sudden turn. In an instant I knew  
I was in the subterranean passage of  
the asylum. Turning to retrace my  
steps, the opaque density of some heavy  
body crouched between me and the  
outer air. I heard its stifled breathing  
—its stealthy tread approaching me  
—just heavens! A struggle for life with  
a madman in these narrow, gloomy  
vaults—to lie in a pool of one's own  
heart's blood in this undiscovered  
tomb—and my young wife Constance!  
—it was maddening!

For an instant my brain was on fire.  
Then I thought that there might be an  
exit—other devious windings in which  
I could elude my deadly pursuer. Going  
defly backwards, I turned the  
angle in the wall, and then plunged at  
the utmost speed of a young and active  
man along the back passage. Instantly  
I knew I was being pursued. Meeting  
another crossed path, struck into it in  
an opposite direction. The maniac  
instantly followed me. What a race  
through those cavernous depths of the  
madhouse! What tragic pitfalls might  
lurk at every step!—what black and  
stagnant pools lie waiting to engulf me!  
—what deeper depths of icy black-  
ness into which to fall—and fall for  
ever.

The passage grew narrower. We  
were, perhaps, under the very centre of  
the building, and farthest from the  
outer air. I had tried to breathe noise-  
lessly; the effort exhausted me. I knew  
nothing of the labyrinths—could only  
guess at our position by the distance  
from the entrance. I had counted the  
turnings we had made. I thought I  
could retrace them. My strength was  
failing. I was fleetest, but he was  
most enduring.

Presently he would run me down. It  
would be a terrible venture, but the  
necessity was imminent. I would try  
it. Gathering all my force, I darted on  
like an arrow into the darkness. The  
suddenness of my increased speed baffled  
him. I succeeded in putting fifty  
yards between us, gained and turned  
the next angle, then, drawing myself  
against the wall, with every nerve and  
muscle strained into preternatural ten-  
sion, with the mighty heaving of my  
spent chest crushed into silence by an  
effort of despairing will, I waited for  
him to pass me. I heard him coming,  
rushing on with new strength through  
the blackness, reach the angle, turn it,

striking his massive body against the  
jutting stones. I heard him spring  
like an animal on along the track. I  
felt his hot breath like steam—the foam  
of his set jaws flung across my face—  
and he stopped. I felt that he was  
feeling for me!—that he was crouching  
on the stones. I saw the red of his  
eyeballs glare up at me through the  
darkness. I felt the touch of his icy  
flesh on my hand. Like lightning, he  
raised himself, and throwing his vast  
weight against me, pinioned me to the  
stones. And the mad rage of a man at  
bay surged upward to my brain. I  
clashed my knife convulsively, and  
seized him by the throat, resolving to  
die hard. It was hair—it was shaggy.  
The hands against my chest had a thick  
coat of fur. I clasped him to my  
breast. It was Lion—my favorite dog,  
Lion.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Great heavens, Keene, what kept  
you the whole night in that cursed dead  
house? It is near day; the door has  
been open these two hours, and Derby  
and King have been asleep. I was  
getting on my boots to look for you."  
"Why in the name of common sense  
did you let this dog out after me? Will  
you tell me that?"

"Why he howled like a maniac, and  
clawed at the door till I thought you  
must be in some danger, and I could  
not keep him in."

"Danger! Well, we can talk now.  
Rouse yourself. I had an interview  
with your maniac, and he is prowling  
around the grounds after me now.  
Call up the men. I must go after  
Philip immediately."

"You don't say so?"

"Yes; don't waste a second."

In five minutes the whole force in  
the hospital was out in the grounds.  
We took him in an angle of the great  
door, crouched behind the jutting wall,  
waiting for me. He drew his lips back  
over his teeth, in the dumb ferocity of  
a mad brute, as he saw me, and his eyes  
settled into a dull, lurid glare, impos-  
sible to describe as he hissed out, "Ha!  
this is twice—twice you triumph; wait  
till the third time!"

Around the blazing grate, in the  
closing hour of the tempest-tossed  
night, we shook hands over the glad-  
ness of our reunion, and after the story  
was over, and the horror first, and the  
laughter after, at the close of my adven-  
ture, and Derby and King had left,  
and Harry Leigh and I stood watching  
at the window the young winter day  
rise over the hill, there was something  
very like tears over the bold, bright  
blue eyes as he pointed to the walls of  
the mad-house and said, "Constance  
would have gone there, Keene, or died,  
and mine would have been a heavy,  
heavy life after."

### "Ladyhood"

A pleasant and clever writer in Til-  
ton's "Golden Age," furnishes the fol-  
lowing exquisite humming of "The  
True Lady":

From the lady there exhales a sub-  
tler magnetism. Unconsciously she cir-  
cles herself with an atmosphere of un-  
ruffled strength, which, to those who  
come into it, give confidence and  
 repose. Within her influence the diffi-  
dent grow self-possessed, the impudent  
are checked, the inconsiderate admon-  
ished; even the rude are constrained to  
be manners, and the refined are  
perfected; all spelled unawares by the  
charm of the flexible dignity, the  
commanding gentleness, the thorough  
womanliness of her look, speech and  
demeanor. A sway is this purely  
spiritual. Every sway, every legitimate,  
every enduring, sway is spiritual, a  
renancy of light over obscurity, of right  
over brutality. The only real gains we  
ever make are spiritual gains—a further  
subjection of the gross to the incorpo-  
ral, of body to soul, of the animal to  
human. The finest, the most charac-  
teristic acts of a lady involve a spiritual  
ascension, a going out of herself. In  
being and bearing, patience, benignity,  
generosity, are the traces that give  
shape to the virtues of ladyhood.

In the radiant reality of truthfulness  
the artificial and conventional are naught.  
Different from, opposite to, the super-  
positions of art or the dictates of mode  
is the culture of the innate, the un-  
folding of the living, as different as the  
glow of health is from the cosmetic  
stain that would counterfeit its tint.

The Scientific American says it is  
impossible to construct a burglar proof  
safe, for the thief, with his cylinders of  
compressed hydrogen and oxygen, can  
in a few seconds burn holes of any size  
in the hardest metal, his fire drill en-  
abling him in a few minutes to work  
his way into the strongest safe that was  
ever constructed.

### A CIRCULAR LETTER.

From our Special Correspondent.

EDITOR REPUBLICAN.

Sir:—At a meeting of the stock-  
holders of the Santiam Mining Com-  
pany, Prof. Joab Powell presiding, the  
following resolutions were unanimously  
adopted, with but one dissenting voice:  
—Resolved, first, that a copy of these  
proceedings be printed, and that we  
authorize the Secretary to put 400  
shares on the market at once to pay for  
the same.—Second That our country is  
succeeding, not from political effects, but  
from the non-appreciation of talent, and  
that "Susan" is that talent; and  
second, that this meeting, feeling their  
bowels of compassion moved in agoniz-  
ing and tumultuous gushings toward  
the forlorn object of our sympathy, that  
we, in our entire, whole, undivided  
and concentrated corporate capacity, do,  
with due solemnity and with tears of  
agony, blood, brine and other heart-  
rendings not herein specified, recom-  
mend, order, command, entreat, and  
otherwise urge upon Susan to take a  
step—Ah, that step! Third. That we  
have, after many years of labor and  
deep research in the realms of spiri-  
tualism or spirits consulted—John A.  
Merrill, Lucrecia Borgea, and other  
bright lights—and that we have re-  
ceived instructions to proceed as will  
be hereinafter specified. Fourth. That  
we have opened negotiations with the  
Prime Minister of the Irish Republic  
for the recovery of the animate form of  
the Hon. Mr. Train; and Fifth, be-  
lieving, with some shining lights of  
New York, that the species should be  
improved; and Sixth, that the decision  
of this body shall be final and binding  
on the parties herein named; and  
Seventh, that we are desirous of bind-  
ing the two Republics closer together  
in the bonds of unity; and Eighth,  
that the authorities which we have  
consulted tell us that there is an affinity  
existing between the parties specified.  
Therefore, be it resolved, our own cor-  
porate body concurring, that you, Mrs.  
S., are hereby authorized, commanded  
and bound by these presents, to don  
male attire, purchase you a ticket, buy  
a Government mule, and proceed to  
Ireland, where you will find George in  
female attire awaiting you, and where  
you are commanded to lay siege to his  
heart—bust it if you can—and if you  
can't, for God's sake bust him, and then  
die of grief, and thereby call down the  
blessings of all the civilized world  
(Salt Lake and the Oneida Community  
excepted) on your devoted head.  
Signed by all the parties. R. C.

A woman says what she chooses  
without being abused for it. She can  
take a nap after dinner while her hus-  
band goes to work. She can go into  
the street without being asked to  
stand treat at every saloon. She can  
stay at home in time of war, and get  
married again if her husband gets  
killed. She can wear corsets if too  
thick, and other fixings if too thin. She  
can get a divorce from her husband if  
she sees one she likes better. She can  
get her husband in debt all over, until  
he warns the public not to trust her on  
his account. But all these advantages  
are balanced by the facts that she can-  
not sing bass, wear a beard, go sparking  
or climb a tree.

As to the origin of the phrase "Old  
Nick," Archdeacon Nares tells us that  
"Nick" was a very old name among  
the Northerners, and from them we de-  
rived the word. We borrowed it, in  
fact, from the title of an evil genius  
among the Danes. They believed that  
he often appeared on the sea and on  
deep rivers in the form of a sea mon-  
ster, peering immediate shipwreck  
and drowning to the unhappy sailors.  
Keyster, another antiquarian authority,  
mentions a deity of the waters, wor-  
shipped by the ancient Danes and Ger-  
mans, under the name of Nicken or  
Nocca. Hence, doubtless, the "Old  
Nick" arose, by an easy corruption.

In the museum at Cassel, Germany, is  
a library made from 500 European  
trees. The back of each volume is  
formed of the bark of a tree, the sides  
of the perfect wood, the top of young  
wood and the bottom of old. When  
opened the book is found to be a box,  
containing the flower, seed, fruit and  
leaves of the tree, either dried or imi-  
tated in wax.

A girl, forced by her parents into a  
disagreeable match with an old man  
whom she detested, when the clergy-  
man came to that part of the service  
where the bride is asked if she consents  
to take the bridegroom for her husband,  
said: "Oh dear no, sir; but you are  
the first person who has asked my opin-  
ion about the matter."

### PROFESSIONAL CARDS, &C.

**J. N. BALTIMORE,**  
PORTLAND - - - OREGON.  
General News Agent  
For Oregon and Adjacent Territories.  
Also SPECIAL COLLECTOR of all kinds  
of CLAIMS.  
AGENT for the Dallas Republican.

**JOHN J. DALY,**  
Att'y & Counsellor-at-Law.  
Will practice in the Courts of Record and In-  
ferior Courts. Collections attended to promptly.  
Office in Dr. J. E. Davidson's Building.  
MAIN STREET, INDEPENDENCE.  
41-1f

**J. C. GRUBBS, M. D.,**  
PHYSICIAN AND SURGEON,  
Offers his Services to the Citizens of Dallas  
and Vicinity.  
OFFICE—at NICHOLS' Drug Store.  
34-1f

**W. D. JEFFRIES, M. D.,**  
Physician and Surgeon,  
Eola, Oregon.  
Special attention given to Obstetrics and  
Diseases of Women.  
1f

**P. C. SULLIVAN,**  
Attorney & Counsellor-at-Law,  
Dallas, Oregon.  
Will practice in all the Courts of the State. 1

**J. L. COLLINS,**  
Attorney and Counsellor-at-Law,  
Dallas, Oregon.  
Special attention given to Collections and to  
matters pertaining to Real Estate. 1

**RUSSEL FERRY & WOODWARD,**  
Real Estate Agents  
and Real Estate Auctioneers,  
No. 100, FRONT STREET,  
PORTLAND - - - OREGON.

**J. A. APPELEGATE,**  
Att'y & Counsellor-at-Law,  
OFFICE IN COURT HOUSE,  
DALLAS, POLK COUNTY, OREGON. 2f-1f

**Committee on Railroads**  
Have decided that as soon as the Oregon  
Central Railroad (West Side) is completed into  
Polk County, they will issue orders to all con-  
tractors and workmen on the line to purchase  
all their  
Groceries and Provisions,  
Clothing, Boots and Shoes,  
Ladies' Dress Goods,  
Hardware, Tinware,  
Or anything they may happen to want of M.  
M. Ellis, at Laeode, formerly known as Cliff's  
Store. Meanwhile, all farmers, or anyone else,  
will find it to their interest to call and make  
their selections. All are aware that I am sell-  
ing goods cheaper than anybody in Polk Co.  
I buy more Produce than any two stores in the  
County. So bring along your Butter if it is  
sour, and if it is sour, all the better.  
Yours truly,  
M. M. ELLIS.  
2f-3m

**SASH, DOOR AND  
BLIND FACTORY,**  
MAIN STREET, DALLAS;  
I have constantly on hand and for Sale

**WINDOW SASH, Glazed  
and Unglazed.**  
DOORS OF ALL SIZES.

**WINDOW AND DOOR FRAMES,**  
All of the Best Material and Manufacture.  
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**Dr. CHARLES WILSON,**  
OCULIST,  
SALEM, - - - OREGON.

All who require Surgical Operations on the  
Eyes, or treatment, are invited to give him a  
trial.  
Those who do not receive permanent benefit  
will not be required to pay for treatment.  
He is amply provided with all the modern  
and improved Instruments, and will make  
through Examinations free of charge.

**NEW PAINT SHOP,**  
Carriage, Wagon, Sign,  
AND

**ORNAMENTAL PAINTING,  
GRAINING & GLAZING,  
PAPER HANGING, &C.,**  
Done in the most Workmanlike manner by  
**H. P. SHRIVER.**  
Shop upstairs over Hobart & Co's Harness  
Shop.  
DALLAS, POLK CO., OREGON.  
27-1f

### PROFESSIONAL CARDS, &C.

**DALLAS HOTEL,**  
CORNER MAIN AND COURT STS.  
Dallas, Polk County, Oregon.  
The undersigned, having RE-FITTED the  
above HOTEL, now informs the Public, that  
he is prepared to Accommodate all who may  
favor him with a call, in as good style as can  
be found in any Hotel in the Country. Give  
me a call, and you shall not leave disappointed.  
12-1f W. F. KENNEDY, Proprietor.

**Saddlery, Harness,**  
**S. C. STILES,**  
Main st. (opposite the Cour House), Dallas,  
MANUFACTURER AND DEALER IN  
Harness, Saddles, Bridles, Whips, Collars,  
Check Lines, etc., etc., of all kinds, which he is  
prepared to sell at the lowest living rates.  
REPAIRING done on short notice.

**\$75 EVERY WEEK!  
MADE EASY,  
BY  
LADY AGENTS.**

We want Smart and Energetic Agents to  
introduce our popular and justly celebrated  
inventions, in every Village, Town and City, in  
the World.  
Indispensable to every Household;  
They are highly approved of, endorsed and  
adopted by Ladies, Physicians and Divines,  
and are now a GREAT FAVORITE with  
them.  
Every Family will Purchase One  
or more of them. Something that their merits  
are apparent at a GLANCE.  
DRUGGISTS, MILLINERS, DRESSMAKERS  
and all who keep FANCY STORES, will find  
our excellent articles SELL VERY RAPID-  
LY, gives perfect satisfaction and netting  
SMALL FORTUNES  
to all Dealers and Agents.

**COUNTY RIGHTS FREE**  
to all who desire engaging in an Honorable,  
Respectable and Profitable Business, at the same  
time doing good to their companions in life.  
Sample \$2 00, sent free by mail on receipt of  
price. SEND FOR WHOLESALE CIRCUL-  
AR. ADDRESS,  
VICTORIA MANUFACTURING COMPT.,  
17, PARK PLACE, New York.

**NEW PICTURE GALLERY.**  
J. H. KINCAID has opened a  
New Photographic Gallery  
In Dallas, where he will be pleased to wait on  
Customers in his line of Business at all hours  
of the day.

**Children's Pictures**  
Taken without grumbling, at the same price as  
Adults. Satisfaction guaranteed. Price to  
suit the times.  
Rooms at Lafolett's Old Stand, Main Street,  
Dallas, Polk County, Oregon, April 27th, 1871  
8-1f

**C. S. SILVER,**  
No. 136, First Street,  
PORTLAND, - - - OREGON.  
Wholesale and Retail Dealer in  
**DRY GOODS, CLOTHING,  
LADIES' DRESS GOODS,  
BOOTS AND SHOES, HATS & CAPS,  
GROCERIES & PROVISIONS,**  
Highest Cash Price paid for all kinds of  
Country Produce.  
16-4m

**Rag Carpet Weaving.**  
ALL PERSONS HAVING MATERIAL  
for Rag Carpets, and wishing them  
Woven, can be accommodated by calling on  
the undersigned. Orders left at the Store of  
R. Howe Bros. will be promptly attended to.  
16-3m WM. SAULSBERRY.

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**PARMENTER & BARCOCK,**  
Manufacturers, and Wholesale and Re-  
tail Dealers in

**Furniture,**  
Commercial Street, Salem, Oregon.  
HAVE ON HAND THE LARGEST  
Stock of  
**Furniture,  
Bedding,  
Window-Shades,  
Hollands, and  
PAPER-HANGINGS**

To be found in Marion County.  
All kinds of Picture Frames, Coffins and  
Caskets made to order on short notice and at  
reasonable rates.  
PARMENTER & BARCOCK.  
Salem, March 23, 1870. 4-1f

**Bargains! Bargains!!**  
HAVING PURCHASED AN ENTIRE  
New Stock of Goods, I would call the  
attention of the Public to my Old Stand at the  
Brick Store. I have a full stock of  
Groceries, Dry Goods, Boots and Shoes,  
and everything found in a first-class Variety  
Store. My old customers will find it to their  
advantage to renew their patronage, and new  
ones will be cordially welcomed.  
All kinds of Produce taken at the highest  
market rates.  
Dallas, Aug. 3, 1871. W. C. BROWN.  
22-3m